

What I *want* is a process.
An installation script,
recipe, if you like.

If followed, true connection would arrive
Arms: thus.
Stance: this way.
Head to the right, or to the left, or neutral.
Breathe in this pattern.
Hold your mind on this thought.

Each time I would review the list.
Each time step through the script:
click
click
click

And at the end, I would *know*: connection
Certainty would build confidence,
confidence repetition,
and efficiency.

Like... practicing tennis,
learning the viola.

Instead I muddle:
you *could* sit like this,
you *could* repeat this thought,

sometimes it will work,

and when it works, you will **know**.

I sit warily in the chair:
feet set hip-width apart
arms draped to the seat
palms upward

I breathe: count in, count out

My semi-siamese twists to observe,
stands with a stretch,
strolls over, and studies me.

Thighs parallel to the floor?
Close together? Close enough?
Is the human twitchy?
Or stable?

She springs beside me,
tests my lap like a pool of water,
tries various arrangements,
settles down to purr.

Count in, count out

One could do worse than simply be a
blessing to cats.

yet & still

...an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a chimera in my brain...
Barukh atah Adonai Eloheinu, melekh ha'olam